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Monologues

Vaudeville Patter-Talk
Sketches *and* Parodies



By
C.D. Hagerty



Book 5

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Jim Rickey

JIM RICKEY'S MONOLOGUES

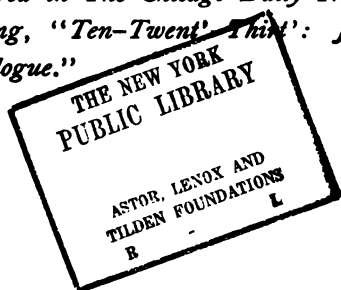
**SOME RAG-TIME OBSERVA-
TIONS ON PERSONS AND
EVENTS, WITH A FEW
FLASHES OF FOOT-
LIGHT FUN**

**BY
C. D. HAGERTY**

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

**CHICAGO:
THE MADISON BOOK CO.**

The Publishers' thanks are extended to Mr. Victor F. Lawson for his courtesy in permitting the use of such of the following sketches as originally appeared in The Chicago Daily News under the heading, "Ten-Twent'-Thirt': Jim Rickey in Monologue."



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PREFACE



Readers of this little paroxysm will find, I believe in all modesty, that it is not without its claims to consideration.

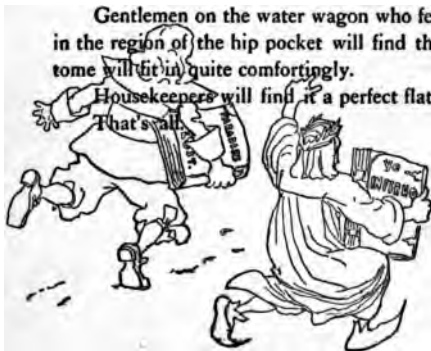
It is somewhat disconnected, like hash, but even hash is good sometimes.

Critics who have seen the advance sheets are practically unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Rickey's style of humor is better suited to the modern palate than that in either "Paradise Lost" or "Inferno." And it is cheaper than either of these books. Bill Nye said that he would rather write a twenty-five cent book and have the public read it, than to write a five dollar book and have to read it himself. If the lamented Nye was right, then again we have the advantage over Messrs. Milton and Dante.

Gentlemen on the water wagon who feel lonesome in the region of the hip pocket will find that this little tome will fit in quite comfortably.

Housekeepers will find it a perfect flatiron holder.
That's all.

C. D. H.



JIM RICKEY'S MONOLOGUES.

The Muse of Wheeler Bugg. Also Something on the Inconveniences of Polar Exploration.

When I came here to-night, ladies and gentlemen, little did I think I should be called upon to make a speech. I was right about it and hence take this opportunity of giving to the world the latest product of the poetic genius of my friend, Wheeler Bugg. He is a professor in the Nut college down at Kankakee. He took the degree of B. B. (bachelor of bughausen) at the detention hospital. At the examination the judge—I mean the teacher—says to my friend: "What's your name?" Bugg answered: "What's in a name? A nose by any other name would win a race."

Then the teacher asked him if he thought he was in his right mind, and Bugg said no, his right mind was in him.

Mr. Bugg's first effort I have set to music. Professor, start something.

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“The wind doth blow and we shall have snow,
Heigho, my dearie.
The hen lives high, but layeth low,
Heigho, my dearie!
The sleet it will go on a riotous bat,
We’ll freeze on the cable cars—gamble on that—
But they do not care out in Medicine Hat,
Heigho, my dearie.

“The wind doth shriek and house walls creak,
Heigho, my dearie!
The blood doth sneak from foot to beak,
Heigho, my dearie!
The man that you voted for’s safe in his berth
He gives (though he promised you half of the
earth)
The merry, the rippling ha-ha of his mirth,
Heigho, my dearie.

“The snow will fall (as will we all),
Heigho, my dearie.
On icy paves (unless we crawl),
Heigho, my dearie.
You may, in your ulster, the streets stroll about;
Your servants need air, let them go if they pout
But don’t, on your life, let the furnace go out,
Heigho, my dearie.

"The wind doth groan and sob and moan,
 Heigho, my dearie!
But what care we, we two alone?
 Heigho, my dearie!
'Oh, what do we care for that old Frosty Jack?'
Says wifey, embezzling all of the slack
Of the blankets, and planting her feet in my back,
 Heigho, my dearie!"

Are you superstitious? I'll admit I am. I believe a billboard advertisement reading like this—"Clothing for Sail"—is a bad sign, and its very bad luck to pass under a ladder if it falls. A pin picked up on the street is good luck, especially if it's a diamond pin. Now, I'm unfortunate, because the planetary arrangement at the time of my birth was not propitious. My mother was an actress. She was on the road with a company which collapsed at a certain small town. The leading lady had a room directly over my mother's, and I remember—I have a remarkable memory—that she was bewailing the fate of herself and the stranded company when she came into my mother's room to see the new arrival, which was me. "I am the most unfortunate of women," she cried, as she came up to the bed. "Then I have been born under an unlucky star?" I answered. It

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was my first offense. My mother and the leading lady both wept. "It was one of his father's standard gags," my mother said. "Never mind, mamma," I answered; "when I grow up I'll work ever so hard and find a new joke and we'll live happily on it ever afterward." Then she became grave, my mother did, and said: "You have your father's ambition to obtain the unobtainable. There is no such thing as a new joke." It was years ago, ladies and gentlemen, that she said this, for she was a truthful woman and did not dream that some day the trusts would gobble everything in sight, and then claim it was for the general good.

Did I ever tell you about my polar expedition? Well, anyway I didn't find the pole. I suppose Peary or some of those farthest north boys will sue me for plagiarism for saying so, but what's the use?

"What's the use of taking quinine if your cold is getting loose?
What's the use of buying goose oil if you haven't got a goose?"

I got that from Professor Bugg. He often sends me his little verses. Here's another:

"An angleworm one summer's day
Remarked unto her husband gay,
 'Dear hubby, I am wishing
You'd please cut out your hunt for trout—
 I worry when you're fishing.'"

Talk about Tennyson and the sweet singer of
Michigan! Listen to this:

"'And can I dance?' a young moth cried
 'At dancing I'm a hummer,
I've been at every moth ball that
 Our set has had this summer.'"

Isn't it too bad to be that way? How does
this one hit you?

"A centipede a wife did seek
 Who'd press his clothes and keep him sleek.
 He sought her at his auntie's.
Said she: 'I think 'twould be no fun
 To press for him who has a hun-
 Dred legs unto his panties.' "

Well, as I was saying, I didn't find the pole,
so I thought I'd come home where the polls are
easier to capture. What's the use of having
poles at each end of the earth, anyway? You
can't get out the vote.

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My, but we did have a time hunting for the pole! I ate so much ice up there that I got the reputation of being a hard drinker. The thing that defeated me was the food supply. The day I met Peary we made soup out of a starched shirt. Then we called the roll and ate that. The next morning I ate the cover off my log book and at night we gathered round our last box of shoe blacking. Peary said he had discovered some important scientific facts and I called him a liar to see if he wouldn't order me to eat my words. But he only said a man was a clam to start out ahead of his relief expedition. For quite a while we lived on northern lights, but I like the southern brand better. Some of my men thought the pole was a round stake and were crazy to make a dash for it, but I concluded that a dash for home, where the steaks are porterhouse, would be the better game—and here I am.



Picking up acquaintances on the street.

Knockers and Boosters—the Modern Melodrama—and Arbitration.

“Starlight, star bright, first star I’ve seen tonight; wish I might get the wish I wish tonight.” That’s not part of my stunt, but every time I see a star I always wish and as I came out I happened to glance at a mirror. Ahem! Still, the rest of the bill is fair. I believe in being a booster, like an elevator man. Why, I sold my automobile just because I found I was being called a knocker. People would say, “There goes Rickey; he’s an awful knocker, always running down people.” Some chauffeurs laugh and say that “every knock is a boost,” when their machines get skittish with pedestrians, but it is soulless humor. Another reason why I sold my machine was that it got me into a pickle with my wife. One day while out for a little spin I ran into a man and a woman who were crossing the street. They were simply scooped up and piled right into the carriage with me. Now, you wouldn’t think anything wrong with that, would you? Not at all, but what kind of a story do you suppose reached my wife? Noth-

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ing less than that I had been picking up acquaintances on the street. Of course I was perfectly innocent, but to square it with Mrs. Rickey I gave her a nice watch. She thinks it is more accurate than if she bought it herself, because she read somewhere that "there is no time like the present."

I will now give you an imitation of Brutus Hamfoot in "Secret Servants," with twenty thrills a minute guaranteed or your money refunded. Between thrills a little boy will pass among you selling my photographs. They ain't a bit good of me, eyether. I made an awful roar, but the man says, "You don't want a photographer; what you want is an artist. That camera of mine is all right, and you get just as good as you send every time. You just look for it and it will copy you to a hair. The trouble with you actors is that you don't look for what you look for." Wouldn't that clog your wheels? "Don't look for what you look for!" He said I might have another try at it, but I said I wouldn't stand for another sitting. He said I didn't doubt that, either. The only time I—that is when a pretty girl gets on a crowd car. Now, professor, a little malaria in G-mi

and we'll show 'em how Mr. Hamfoot makes the matinee business pay.

"Hist! What is that sound? It is footsteps approaching on horseback; I will congeal myself behind yon watermelon tree until the yellow Tiber runs red with Roman blood! There it is again—the footfalls of a hidden hand—and Richard Hardup Davis twenty miles away. Ah, he is upon me, but without m' patent leather boots he will never suspect that I am Jasper Jigsaw, the human spy! This watermelon tree is an excellent hiding place, for I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the rind. That sound again! Now, I recognize its fateful note. It is Harry Mortimer trying to whistle an air into the punctured tire of his automobubble. He could blow it up much quicker by touching a match to the gasoline. He is coming straight to m' hiding place. I will take it and hide it somewhere else.

"Ah, for the woodshed of m' old home! Well do I remember it as the favorite hiding place of m' father when he wished to administer a stinging rebuke to me. How it all comes back to me in this horrible hour—m' dear old mother referring m' case to m' stern yet kindly father as if he were the Supreme court. And many an ad-

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verse ruling he handed down. Sometimes, I remember, the hand came down without any rule. But away, fond thoughts of innocent pranks and consequent spanks! This hour calls for action. Let not m' pursuer think that Jasper Jigsaw sleeps, for the alarm has gone off and he smells his breakfast sizzling in the pan. Let Harry Mortimer beware, for Jasper Jigsaw, the plunging half-back of Petroleum university, has a mass-on-tackle that makes the freshies hysterical. * * * Ah, is that you, Harry Mortimer! You thought to steal upon me, 1 up and 2 to go, and with one fell swoop from your automobubble to crush from your path the bar between you and Hortense McTurk. You know she does not love you; she says you waltz like a frozen-toed hen. I admit you may be far richer than I am, but I am no better than you, and a woman's love has divined it. On your guard, caitiff, for this night one of us buys the drinks!"

Oh, it was a shame I ever quit the legit!

Washington was the great liberator; Lincoln the great emancipator, and it looks as if Roosevelt was the great arbitrator. Perhaps the

Reminiscent of Prince Henry and the Time of Trial for Hoarse "Hochers."

"Hoch!"

That's a wireless for Henry Hohenzollern. He enjoyed himself over here so much that I wireless him a reminder once in a while to cheer him up. Hoch der prinz! Hoch der kaiser! Which is it, anyway, hoch or hock? Some of 'em "hoched" him and some "hocked" him. There was one fellow in the crowd who was dumb, but he wanted to show his sentiments like the rest of 'em, so he hoisted a pole with three golden balls on it—you know the kind! He got there all right, and didn't get any sore pipes, either. How were your hochers, anyway? I had court plaster on my thorax for a week. My hoche was so hocked that I couldn't hail a hack.

The kaiser wanted a good mixer to send over here—a mixer among men, not the kind that mixes 'em and lasts about three rounds at a banquet. When the emperor was thinking over the problem he happened to remember how Henry got along with Admiral Dewey. The prince is

an admiral himself, you know, and when he met George he says, "Are you Dewey?"

"I am," says George.

"Then," said Heinrich, "you and I ought to be friends, because I've got a brother that's reignin'" Do you get me? Then maybe I'd better ring off.

So the kaiser determined that his brother should pack up some liver pills and bromo and start. "Maybe," he says, "they'll present you with the freedom of the city when you reach New York. I understand that Croker left it behind when he went to England." Sure enough, when the prince got to New York the mayor handed him the key of the city. "How shiny it is!" the prince observed. "Oh, yes," Mr. Low explained. "Mr. Croker carried it around in his pocket so long that it got that way."

The kaiser would have liked to come himself, but he had to stay at home and practice his singing lessons. All the European monarchs are studying voice culture, you know. They sing in what is called the concert of Europe. Just now they are practicing "Yankee Doodle."

You know me by the way I look, but you'd know the prince by the way the crowd looked



“Do you get me?”

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I met him at the Vanderbilt dinner. I was one of the entertainers. He was awfully glad I had come. I heard him say that he'd like to meet me. I had just sung "Die Wacht am Rhein" and I overheard him say to a lady: "I'd like to be alone with that fellow for just about thirty seconds." The house was beautifully decorated. There was a little tableau symbolical of "The Watch on the Rhine." It consisted of a policeman guarding a case of Hochheimer of the vintage of '75. Later in the evening I was presented to the prince. He said he had done about a year's traveling in two weeks. "It was a great feat," I said. "Why do you call it a great feat?" he asked me. "I have only done it once; you should call it a great foot, should you not?" Then he showed me a cablegram he was sending to his Brother Willie. It read:

"Dear Willie: I have been greatly touched by my reception in America. I was touched the most in Chicago. A sort of burgomaster slapped me three times on the chest."

I told him that if that was all he got touched in Chicago he was lucky. Then I asked him a question that had always been puzzling me. It was about that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," that our school teachers used to tell us about. He said he didn't know, be-

cause his brother always hung his on the chandelier when he went to bed.

But, talking about princes, what's the matter with Funston? You remember Funston? Hoch der Fritz! I remember when Funston met Gen. Lee in Cuba. "What are you doing here?" Lee asked. "Waiting for something to turn up," said Funston, cheerfully, as he tossed a banana peel on the floor. "I hope it will come soon," said the consul-general, cordially. "It will if you step where I expect you to," answered the man from Kansas. Gen. Lee motioned his visitor to a chair, which was a large one. "This doesn't fit me," said Funston, "but I guess it Fitz-Hugh." I think Lee must have hit him mighty hard, for the other day I read an article in a magazine where it said, "Several months later Funston turned up in the Philippines."

I must now make room for the illustrated song man. He will sing that charming sentimental ballad, "My Dear Old Home in Minneapolis, Minn., Far Away," and others of the "Dear old mother in the doorway" variety. If you think the picture of the beautiful girl he is singing about looks like an ancient hash manipulator you can join me in the alley.

**Concerning J. P. Morgan, Richard Croker, and
the Doings of One Casey.**

Heavens! Where am I? Among friends?

Excuse my surprise, but I held such rummy hands last night that when I beheld this array of face cards I thought I had somebody else's hand. I was trying to win enough money to be presented to Eddie VII, the chorus girls' friend. Just this morning I saw a man about getting a family tree. You can't get in without your shrubbery, you know. I told him all about myself and asked him how he thought a weeping willow would do. He said he thought a chestnut tree would be more appropriate. Tod Sloan will be there. His tree is a horse chestnut

Professor, if you will split up a chord I'll give you a piece of pie when you get it into the woodshed. The song is entitled "Always," but it doesn't last quite that long.

J. Pierpont Morgan has a graft that's eighteen carats fine,
Our millionaires get on a hump when Morgan gives the sign;

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He has railroads in a trust, of ships a mighty band—

For Morgan's on the water just the same as on the land.

He has England scared and Germany is shaking in her boots,

Afraid of Morgan and the trusts a-working in cahoots.

No matter where we spend our coin, by short and swift relays,

It gets to Morgan and his crowd—always, always.

Always, always, the trusts have got us all ways.

We buy an engine or a pin—it cuts no ice, they get our tin.

And J. P. Morgan—is he in? Always, always.)

I've often thought I'd like to sing "Always" all ways always—there are several ways of singing it, you know. I sung it in A flat till the tenants of the other flats moved out. Then I sung it in B sharp till a bunko steerer took my advice and sold me the Masonic Temple for \$1,300 cash.

We do have some fierce fogs in this country. I remember one day that was just like dear old Lunnon, don't you know. It was so foggy that

I dropped h's all over the sidewalk. That was lucky, too, because if it hadn't been for the trail of them I never could have found my way home.

(A friend of mine named Casey was doing a little job of shingling and he covered twenty yards of fog before he knew he was off the roof.) He had to wait till the fog dissolved before he could come down to eat his breakfast. He's an innocent soul, is Casey. A year ago he had scarcely a cent in the world. One day he bought a basketful of old confederate bills and now he has money to burn. Casey married for money—that is, he married a woman who was drawing a salary. It was much easier than working himself. He didn't love the woman. He couldn't tell her that, however, and being broke he smoothed it over by declaring that he couldn't live without her. She was a blonde, but Casey admired dark women. She said she loved him so she could dye for him, and now she's a brunette. Casey hasn't been over long from Jerusalem. The day he landed in New York he went into a big store and for the first time in his life saw an elevator. He was quite taken up with it. He had never seen such a big store before. "'Tis an awful big sthure yez have here now," he observed to a couple of clerks who had been watching him, thinking he was a dough-

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head. Clarence nudged Percy and Clarence said: "Yes, it is a very extensive emporium." "Yis, yis, it is that, it is that," Casey murmured in profound admiration. "And moight I ask yez phwat yez are afther selling here now?" And then little Clarence thought he'd show Percy how smart he was, and he says: "Oh, we sell donkeys here." "Now, is that so?" said Casey, raising his voice so the crowd around could hear. "And so yez sell donkeys here! My, my, phwat a big trade yez must have had to-day—only two lift."

The last I heard of Casey was from De Wolf Hopper. Hopper said Casey was at the bat. That is likely true, for Casey's brogue got him into politics and he was usually on one in the interests of good government as propounded by Dick Croker. What has become of Richard, anyway? The last I remember of him was getting into a fight with his lieutenants and going to England. I don't know how the scraps began, but you know how one word leads to another. If you don't know open your dictionary at "A" and run down the column. Croker, they say, had all the saloonkeepers on his staff. One of them I used to know had a goat whose chief claims to glory was that he was pedigreed on his sire's side, and that he had laid out nearly

every policeman in the Tenderloin district. The owner of this battering ram kept a saloon, and one day the police captain came down to protest against the way that goat used the coppers. He told the proud owner of the goat that if the said goat was not subdued there was a whole lot of patronage which would find another trough. "Now," he said in conclusion, "do you understand on which side your bread is buttered?" "No," the owner of the pedigreed "billy" answered, "but I know on which side my butter is bred." I just mention this to show how you can't tell what foolish little things a man will take particular pride in.

Did you ever experience one of those cold, gray dawns of the morning after? Did you ever paint things red, wake up with everything looking blue and tasting brown? Did you ever grope your way to the water faucet and wonder why you ever drank anything else? Ah, brethren, while the orchestra gives us a few drops from "The Old Oaken Bucket," will you join your voices with mine:

How dim to my mind are the scenes of last ev'ning,

(I suppose my good wife will bring them back to view);

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The boys at the clubhouse—the mild way it started—

When we drank a small toast to the girls good and true.

The pretzels and lager, the ale and the Rhine wine—

The many moist pitfalls the bartender knew;
The dull, golden cocktail, the fizz that stood nigh it,

The absinthe frappe, the nog and the moselle—
Whatever was ordered your uncle stood by it—
But oh, for that bucket that hangs in the well!
I'd die happy a-drowning in that iron-bound bucket—

That moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I'd hail as a treasure,
And drink a pure pledge to cleave fast to the Right;

I'd climb with that bucket back onto the wagon—
That old water wagon I fell from last night.

Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging
The drear morning after the night that you fell,
And it's then you'll find nothing so sweetly as-
suaging

As the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well—

That bully old bucket that hangs in the well!



Perfectly sooted.

Christmas from the Standpoint of an Amateur Santa.

There is one particular convenience about having Christmas at the shank of the year. New Year's is so close to it that you can swear off on wifey's bargain cigars before you are dead, and do it without exciting suspicion. If anybody in the audience would like to swear off right now I will cease speaking while the orchestra plays "When the Leaves Begin to Turn." I was going to turn over a new leaf myself, but when I looked in the bookcase I found that all our books were old. So I went over to Schnitzelmeister's bar and turned over my wages. Several years ago at our church nothing would do but that I should stuff myself full of pillows and put on cotton-batting whiskers and play Santa Claus for the kids. To make it more realistic they arranged for me to come down the chimney. The smoke inspector wanted to arrest me for stopping the smoke; he said if he allowed everybody to do what I was doing there wouldn't be anything for him to inspect. Well, they fixed me up with a big bag of future stom-

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ach-aches for the youngsters and about 9 o'clock I came sliding down the chimney. If cleanliness is next to godliness, that chimney never should have been so close to the pulpit, and that's a fact. When I got out on the rostrum before the crowd I was a sight. I was as black as the record of a pirate. When one kid saw my blackened whiskers I heard him say: "Gee, fellers, Santa Claus is usin' hair dye on his Elijah Seconds!" But, bless you, I didn't mind such cracks as that at all. After it was all over my wife says: "Jim, I never saw you look more contented than when you were distributing the candy and the presents from the Christmas tree. You know, I was afraid that getting all that smudge on you would put you in a bad temper." "Not at all, not at all, my dear," I said. "I was perfectly sooted—just sooted all over."

A few days before Christmas my wife tells me she is going to hang up her stockings, and I go out and hang up my overcoat. I am opposed to the installment plan of buying goods, but sometimes I hang up my watch and buy presents on time payments. I believe that a man should enter into the glad yuletide spirit, even if he does have to hang up his overcoat to do it. But don't hang up your trousers afterwards,

boys—lock 'em in the safe and change the combination. It's the only way for us married men. We like to have at least car-fare, even if the service is suffering from locomotor ataxia. Did you ever hear that "Charity begins at home, but it should not stay there?" Of course you have. That's the principle my wife makes her Christmas list on. She begins economically with a pair of slippers for me and some toys for our offspring, but before she gets through she's buying automobiles for her step-mother's father's half-brother's second cousin's daughter by her first husband. If that's the kind of expansion Bryan is against I'm going to get off the water wagon and vote the straight democratic ticket. But it is more blessed to give than to receive I've forgotten where I read that, but I think it was what Young Corbett said to Terry McGovern. The papers said that McGovern didn't believe it at first, but that Young Corbett managed to pound it into his head. Still, it's pretty blessed to receive.

I was wondering what I was going to receive, and it struck me that it would be a good plan to consult one of those women who are neither rare nor well done—just medium. So I went over on West Madison street, where every third woman seems to have been the seventh daughter

of a seventh daughter and born on the seventh floor, and I saw a sign alleging that Mme. Bum-bum could tell the past, present and future. I says: "Do you tell the previously, the subsequently and the interim?" "I tell the past, present and future, if that's what you mean," she answered. "Well," I says, "it would break a snake's back to follow my past, and I can see my finish, but I wish you would tell me something about my present. (I think my wife is going to get me a rug for the library, and if she is, I want to know it, because I know where there's a bargain sale of carpet-sweepers.)"

Christmas shopping is the one thing about the holidays that I balk at. The last time I hit a department store I got jammed in a crowd looking at a shopworn rocking horse. It was marked down because it was all marked up. A woman—a full-grown, adult woman—stood on my foot for about five minutes. I couldn't stand it any longer and so I said: "Madam, would you favor me by getting off my foot?" "I will, as soon as this man gets off mine," she answered. Just as I was going to kick to the floor walker somebody got on my other foot and I couldn't. You'll think maybe that I was taking a good deal of trouble about a rocking horse, and a bum one at that. You see. I didn't want it as a toy, but

as a curio. It was the first poor "rocky feller" I had ever seen. I wanted to buy a drum and I picked up one that looked all right. "Is this a first-class article?" I asked the clerk. "Can't be beat!" he says. "Then trot out one that can," I says, "for when J. Rickey has Christmas diddings there's got to be noise."

Among other things I bought a little book with the alphabet framed up to catch the youthful eye. I'll read it to you:

"A is for Alderman, jolly and sleek,
Wealthy grown on a wage of \$5 a week.

"B stands for Baby, a good thing to buy, sir;
Cannot be beat as a home exerciser.

"C stands for Cannibal. He may offend—
Yet he lives off his enemies, 'stead of his friends.

"D is for Darling, your sweet tootsie-woo,
Buying cigars for her own googly-goo.

"E is for Extra pence, saved from his wage;
Merry the Christmas of Oom Russell Sage.

"F stands for Friendliness. Women, we fear,
Show us the most of it this time of year.

"G is for Golfing. It's played in red suits—
Go out on the prairie and hoot a few hoots.

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"H is for Hades; people say that
Hades is nowise like Medicine Hat.

"I's for Invention. Coffin men kneel
To him who invented the automobile.

"J stands for Jag, and some people say
Reversing the phrase a jag makes a jay.

"K stands for kissing—a nectarine sip
When girls are not saucy, though giving you lip.

"L stands for Lovers, who sit in the dark,
Using no light, but enjoying a spark.

"M stands for Morgan—J. Pierpont, you know—
Three rings and two stages—the whole bloomin'
show.

"N stands for Nerve, and your friends show the
same,
In asking a loan at this stage of the game.

"O is the Octopus out for the pelf,
He has so many hands he plays cards with him-
self.

"P stands for Papa, a darling old goose;
Tickle his bald spot and make him produce.

"Q is the Question which bold lovers pop,
Thinking that two can live off of one chop.

"R's for Rameses, dead many long years.
Pardon, please pardon, these few briny tears!

"S stands for Santa, who, I am afeared
Will ne'er get the coal soot washed out of his
beard.

"T is for Trouble. Mailmen have a lot,
Handling the packages Santa forgot.

"U's for Umbrella. Re-cover, if rent;
But it's hard to recover the same when its lent.

"V stands for Villain—her young brother who
Places bent pins in the chair set for you.

"W stands for wine; also, it is true
Taking too much of it will W.

"X is a ten-spot, and you're in a fix
To make it stretch over a Christmas for six.

"Y is the Yearning for home a man feels
When he tackles the turkey of restaurant meals.

"Z stands for Zigzag, a sort of hodge-podge,
Marking our trail coming home from the lodge."



About the Race Question, and the Exposition Cure for Adipose Currency.

Success. What is it? Barnum had a what-is-it that was a success, but what the young man of today wants to know is how to attain it, and how to keep the moths out of it when he has got it. It may seem strange, but my first success was in the literary line. I was flattened out by an automissouri and got a job as a book-mark. I was a success, too, till those historicals came in. I got to looking like a sieve from being pressed between sheets of exclamation points. When I quit literature, I didn't know whether to hire out for a screen door or a porous plaster. A friend who had seen me on the stage said he didn't think I could draw, even as a plaster. Ultimately I went to India, where I understood holy men were in demand, but it developed that I wasn't the right brand. So you see it is too much to expect to be successful in a number of lines. As the proverb has it, "A bird in the hand is a friend indeed, but a rolling stone gathers no moss." Ellen Stone is rolling around the lecture circuits gathering it in bunches, I understand, but she's an exception.

Now, Senator Tillman is a success in his line, which is the color line. The color line in the South, I believe, is a sort of hoisting apparatus. I have heard it called the Jim Crow elevator. Judge Lynch invented it. He said that the people of the North demanded that the whites of the South should elevate their colored brethren. So he contrived a rope which he called the color line, and the elevation of the colored race began. The race problem in the South is a burning question. That is, it is when the rope isn't used. I wonder that the colored people of the South have any more faith left in the word of a white man. The whites are always "stringing" them. I may mention, incidentally, that the color line is generally drawn in the North March 17. If you don't believe it wear a bit of orange rib' to a shamrock sangerfest and be convinced.

I suppose you have read about that dinner the president gave Booker T. Washington, and I suppose you have noticed the heavy glasses Mr. Roosevelt wears. I asked a democrat what the president wore them for, and he said because he was short-sighted. I asked Mark Hanna about it, and he said the president was long-sighted. The other day I met Colonel Watter-son, of Kentucky, and I said: "Colonel, why



"I met Colonel Watterson, of Kentucky."

is it that the president wears glasses?" "Because he's color blind," the colonel roared. Oh, I tell you, as a rumpus-raiser Washington crossing the Delaware was nothing to Washington passing the white house chinaware for more chicken. But I don't believe it will hurt Roosevelt a bit, politically. I believe the best people of this country like to see a man who has the courage to string the color line up in his front yard and pin the star-spangled banner to it!

To change the subject, it's me to the St. Louis Exposition. How one can reduce his weight at an exposition—especially if he carries silver! At the last exposition I attended, I saw everything. I saw the horseless carriages, and then I went out on the Midway plazoo-zoo and saw the feetless dances and the breathless railway—the centrifugal railway, I mean, where you loop the loop and flip the flopper. I dropped a nickel in the slot and got some insurance and then went up to the gate and bought a death certificate admitting me to the place. I asked a guard how it was that a person stuck in the car when he was upside down, going round the loop. "You stay in," he said, "for the same reason that milk stays in a pail when you whirl it in a circle." I took his word for it and got into the

car with some other would-be suicides and away we went. But something was the matter, for when the car got to the top of the loop and our feet were pointing skyward, the blamed thing slowed up and then tumbled. My ticket didn't call for any stopover privileges, so I went with the car. There was enough left of me to make a fair corpus delicti, as we say in the courts, and I managed to hobble up to the guard. "I thought you said we would stay in like milk in a pail," I howled. "Look at me—I'm a sight." "So I did say," the guard answered, "but there's no use crying over spilt milk, is there?"

Talk about your Harveyized nerve. That guard had it. At that moment Russell Sage came up and said he wanted half his money back, as he had gone only half way around. He had only \$75,000,000 with which to see the exposition and he had to economize, he said. A man needed all his rhino there. I dropped a bundle of mine in a place run by a lady from Monte Carlo. She sat at a window and told me there was a game inside that was a good thing. I bought a stack and cuddled up close to the good thing and pretty soon all I had left was a meal ticket good in a San Francisco restaurant. Then I discovered that I'd been against a skin game. When I was leaving the woman in the window

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gave me the merry, rippling giggle. "Madam," said I, "do you hire that coterie of financiers to fleece gentlemen with too much wool, or do they hire you to sit out here and run the cattle into the chute?" "I hire them," she snapped, "and I won't listen to no squealing." "Squealing or no squealing, madam," I said, "as the employer of those men you are liable under the postal laws for using the mails to defraud." "Well," she came back at me, "I just thought I'd attend to your case; you were carrying too much postage for second-class matter." I had on a fancy vest at the time and I guess she thought I looked like a sporting extra.

(A flower show is less exciting, and some of the exhibits I have seen were marvelous. At one of them they had a potato vine that grew tomatoes, and another that grew eggplant.) I asked an attendant how it was done, and he said by grafting. Just then a political friend of mine spoke up and said: "That's nothing; our party boss has got grafting down so fine that he makes plums grow on the city hall!"

Another show I like is the Zoo. (At the Lincoln Park Zoo the keeper asked me if I knew why the elephant carried his trunk in front. I said I didn't know and he said: "Because the baggage car is always ahead.") You know if I

had thought a minute I would have tumbled to the fact that the head might be a baggage car, because J. Pierpont Morgan once told me that wherever he went, he had to carry a lot of things on his mind. And nights when I come home with a package aboard, I can feel it in my head the next day. Ever notice that, boys? After that he showed me the whole menagerie. I asked him if he didn't have a lot of trouble keeping track of so many animals. "Oh, no," he said, "they tell me about each other; they're all tail-bearers."

The Opera—Playing the Races—and Spring Moving.

(Twinkle, twinkle, op'ra star,
What a costly bunch you are!
Your prices are almost as high
As the beefsteak that we buy.)

Ain't it fiercissimo to have the grand opera and the spring-hat seasons come all in a cluster? I was in favor of buying a yacht, but my wife wanted to attend the opera. I said I'd rather do a little sailing on the lake myself than to put up a bundle of iron clinkers for the purpose of letting some other fellow sail around on the high C's. I said if she wanted to hear the chesty boys get noisy, all right; but Long Island sound—with a yacht—was more to my taste. I told her I would take my camera along and take a picture of the island and my phonograph to catch the sound. I caught the sound of the waves all right, and placed the wax cylinder in my pocket. I had a horse entered in a race down there and I went up to the stables to have a look at him. He was real glad to see me. He

poked his nose around in the affectionate way some beasts have, and the next thing I knew he had smashed the cylinder into a thousand pieces. Then he went and lost the race. I didn't want my wife to feel badly, so I wired her that he had broken the record.

Are you going to move this spring? I am. My landlord came around the other day and says: "Mr. Rickey, I'm going to raise your rent." "All right," I says, "I wish you would. If you do it'll take a great load off my pocket book. I've always had trouble in raising it myself." "But," says he, "I'm going to raise it, and you're going to pay it or move, see?" I told him I might stand the advance if he'd gag the young lady across the hall. She's studying vocal music. I said what made me tired was hearing her sing always in one key. It doesn't matter what key a song is written in, she sings it in A flat. I suppose it's the fault of her environment. The only time I ever knew her to get off that key was when a hornet stung her and she screeched something in bee-sharp. I asked her if she intended to sing for a living and she said yes. "Honest, are you?" I asked, because it was pretty hard to believe. "On the dead," she answered. It wasn't till later that I learned that she expected to sing at funerals.



"She screeched something in bee-sharp."

Well, the landlord said hogs didn't like music, either. No blooming landlord can talk that way to me, and it was me to the furniture smashers without delay.

My wife said she knew where there was a flat with hardwood floors, big closets for every room, hot and cold gas and all the modern conveniences for twenty sesterzia a month. I asked her where it was and she says: "In my mind." What do you think of that? By Jove, you know, I'd told her before that she was a flathead, but that was the first time she ever admitted it. (We located a flat so near the moon that the atmosphere smelled as if there was a cheese foundry in the neighborhood. Actual fact. My wife, when we were looking the place over, says suddenly: "Hear that noise, Jim? I believe it's hailing." There was something hitting the windows. I looked out and what do you suppose it was? Shooting stars! "Oh, that's nothing," the landlord said. "The last family that lived here got their cream regular from the Milky Way. There's a lot of advantages living up here—think what a start you'd have on other folks if Gabriel should blow his horn." "I hope he doesn't," I said, "because we're leaving our present happy home on account of music. If anybody comes round here blowing

a horn there'll be trouble." As we were leaving the building, I met a man carrying one end of a piano up the stairs. He was bent almost double under the load. "My friend," said I, "I would think your legs would give way carrying such a weight." "Oh," he answered, "I am perfectly at home with a piano on my back, because I understand music, you know." Now, wouldn't that pull a cork? Is it any sign because a man stands under a piano that he understands music? A friend of mine had rooms over a private school for boys and the noise wore on his nerves so that he died. Yet, you couldn't say that overstudying killed him, could you?

We may think the English Parliament and the German Diet and other European legislative bodies are unruly, but I've noticed the American Congress is the only one where it has been necessary to use a Cannon to preserve order. If they need a cannon in the House, a Whitehead torpedo would be about the right thing in the Senate.

Before closing, I must not neglect to give you Prof. Bugg's latest, thusly:

"A cyclist who was shy on shape
 Did pad her legs by half;
 Whereat her father swiped the pads
 And killed the fatted calf."

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Mr. Bugg claims to be opposed to the annual habit of swearing off, and sends the following with the query: "What would have been his fate had he sworn off?"

"There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous fat.

He visited a brewery and fell into a vat,
And when he found ten feet of beer, this thirstiest of men,

He did not drown, but calmly drank his way to air again."

Hallowe'en, a Surgical Miracle, and Other Mirthful Bric-a-Brac.

Do you know—good evening, good evening, boys—do you know what one of those supper-bill soubrettes said to me before I came out? She said: “Mr. Rickey, you look sad tonight. What’s bothering you?” “My mind is far away in the long ago,” I said. “Well,” she said, “I’d quit the monologue business if recollecting jokes made me feel that way.” Wasn’t that mean? And here it was only the other day, when she had been quarreling with one of her grandchildren, that I gave her a box of grease paints and they made up. Blessed is the peacemaker. I remember one Hallowe’en when I made several hundred pieces out of a window, but what I got wasn’t a blessing. The man shoved his head out of the window and cut his face. He howled like an Indian, although the pane he felt was very slight—a mere particle, in fact. Then he shot me full of salt, and I haven’t been as fresh since then. I came near being arrested for a salt. In ancient days partaking of a man’s salt was a friendly act, but the custom seems to have

changed. I had to take my medicine. It wasn't what you'd call a seidlitz powder. It was rather a sit-less powder. You may think you'd have gone back and fought it out with the householder, but you wouldn't. You'd have stood for it—quite awhile at that. The penalty for throwing paper wads at school, I remember, was to stand up by the teacher's desk. I carried a good supply with me regularly for several days. The teacher got tired of it after awhile and one day he says: "James, you can take your seat now." That was the only time in my life I ever caught the teacher in a mistake.

My brother Tim was hit on the head some time ago and at the hospital they said they would have to amputate about half his brain. I didn't want them to, because I knew he was naturally very absent-minded anyway. "We'll have to give him something to make him sleep," one of the surgeons said. "That won't be necessary," another one spoke up; "he's a policeman." That made Tim sore and he says: "I'll be hanged if I haven't got half a mind to cave in your ribs for you." "You won't feel that way pretty soon," the doctor answered, "because that's the half we're going to cut out." It was a great operation. Tim said it didn't take him half so long

to make up his mind as it did before the job was done. When I told my wife of the surgeon's little joke about Tim's being a copper and how Tim came back at him, she said she never say the time when Tim wasn't ready to give anybody a piece of his mind. Of course, where his brain came out there was quite a vacancy, and the surgeons filled it up with cotton, so the rest of his brain wouldn't shift around. They said that if he had been a woman they would have left it empty, as a woman has a perfect right to change her mind. There was a liquor salesman there suffering from insomnia. As an experiment they put some of Tim's discarded brain tissue into him. I met him later and he said he had trouble keeping awake after the operation. He said it had cost him his job, too, because the drinks he ordered by way of jollyng up the trade he invariably forgot to pay for. Modern surgery is a wonderful thing. Wouldn't it be a good idea for Andrew Carnegie, when he has given all his money away, to give out his brain piecemeal to Russell Sage, Connie Vanderbilt, J. Fishpond Morgan and a few of those boys? Then there wouldn't be room for the libraries.

Ladies and gentlemen, I will now sing you

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an original parody, entitled, "In the Good Old Winter Time." Professor, get foolish:

(Some people say there is naught like a day
In the good old summer time;
But it isn't a dream to go broke on ice-cream,
In the good old summer time.
When the snow's on the ground, retreats can be
found,
Where your pipes can be thawed for a dime.
Take your girl in her furs where the hot drink
occurs,
In the good old winter time.

In the good old winter time,
Some ginger, please, in mine;
Have the water hot, fresh from the pot—
This gargle is no shine.
Now, you may think 'tis wrong to drink
Strong stuff, but that's no sign
That one can't thaw his frozen jaw
In the good old winter time.^A

It's fine to call on one's best girl
In the good old winter time.
If she's feeling cold, why, tighten your hold,
In the good old winter time.
You go out on the ice; she slips up in a trice,
But you can't be called guilty of crime

If you squeeze the sweet maid in giving her aid
In the good old winter time.

In the good old winter time
One cozy chair you fill;
You don't care a rap for the heat on tap
When papa foots the bill.
But when on the stair you hear a large pair
Of boots, that's the signal to climb,
For pa kicks so hard that his foot seems a yard,
In the good old winter time.)

Did you hear about my being nominated for the legislature? Oh, yes, I was nominated all right. But I quit. The other people put up a man I knew was stronger. When I read a sketch of his life I saw he was unbeatable. He was a gambler, but I didn't care for that; I have played pinochle myself. He was a divekeeper, but that didn't scare me much, either, because, everybody knew I was an actor. But when he got out circulars showing ten different pictures of himself taken by the police of as many cities, I quit. The party boss says: "Cheer up, Jim; you've got a fighting chance. Your father was a burglar and they tell me that thirty years ago there wasn't a more accomplished crook than yourself in the country. Of course, it's unfor-

tunate that they didn't take pictures so freely then, and it's too bad that you've reformed, but we can talk pretty strong on your past——" Right there I interrupted him with the words of that true song, "It Does Not Matter What You Were, It's What You Are Today." "There's no use stacking a moth-eaten record up against current history," I said, and that ended it.


A Bit of Persiflage, with Some Sage Observations on Life.

The house will please come to order. We'll dispose with the roll call, as some of us haven't got our rolls here. Money talks, but a roll calls. I don't see how Rockefeller stands the noise. Observe how hard Carnegie is seeking quiet. Some libraries have thousands of volumes, but I've known very successful ones to start with one page of Uncle Andy's checkbook. If he'd lend it to me I think I'd turn over a new leaf January the once. In the matter of turning over a new leaf, a friend of mine went the limit. There was something wrong with his accounts and the paper said he turned over all his books. There was repentance for you.

I met a man up in Racine who had the funniest idea of words you ever heard of. Now, I always supposed that the word "shore" meant the place where the land and water meet. This fellow was a sailor and said his ship was ashore. He seemed to be sore at his captain, but instead of calling him a blockhead, as you or I would, he said the skipper was aboard. Then he added

that he might be abed. I presume he was a folding bed, as the sailor said he was doubled up with the rheumatism. Our language is a queer thing. Now, take a dollar with a hole in it, and one that hasn't. The dollar that has no hole is easier to blow in than the one that has. The landlord of my hotel in Racine asked me if the people of Kentucky were acquiring the habit of eating horseflesh. I told him no, and he wondered why they bred so many stake horses down there. From this the conversation turned naturally to cattle, and the landlord allowed that he once had the finest cow in Wisconsin. ("That cow," he declared, "didn't give nothin' but cream, and it was the richest sort. I lost a boarder by it, too. He was a sort of invalid, and his hand shook so that the cream, bein' so rich, would be butter before he could raise the glass from the table to his lips. If you don't believe it," he said, "I'll show you the pail we milked her in.") But circumstantial evidence doesn't cut any cards for me.

I will now give you an original ballad, if the professor will kindly act as an accessory before the fact.



A loan shark was Ike Solomon and not unknown
to fame,

For 10 per cent a month on loans was Ikey's
earthly game.

In fact, he'd nearly have a fit if anybody went
And did a little business that gave him no per
cent.

Oh, Ikey always got his share—his little 10 per
cent.

"Percentage is the life of trade," is how Ike's
motto went.

'Twas just the same to sell to him as if to you
he lent,

He'd find a way to smuggle out his little 10 per
cent.

One night a fire broke out downtown and Ikey
was on deck

To congratulate the loser, also to rubberneck.

A fireman noticed Ikey and at once suspended
work

And then and there he gave the hose a funny
little jerk.

Of course, the stream went on the fire, but Ike
got 10 per cent;

He couldn't dodge the rake-off, no matter where
he went.

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"You're drowning me," poor Ikey cried; "O,
fireman, please relent;
So help me goodness gracious, I don't want that
10 per cent."

When Ikey died and went above his heart was
filled with glee—

He saw a chance for business where the gold was
lying free.

But at the gate poor Ikey's scheme was easily
unmasked

When he approached St. Peter and in eager ac-
cents asked:

"What do you get for tending door? Do you
get 10 per cent?

This ought to be a gold mine, I see nothing to
prevent."

"Go down," St. Peter thundered, "go down!"
And Ikey went,

And down in hades Ikey got ten times his 10
per cent)

A few days ago I took breakfast with my
friend, Prof. Bugg, at Kankakee. The profes-
sor is quite a cook, and in inviting me he said
he would do the cooking himself. I was afraid
something was wrong, and I found that poor
Bugg had got another wheel. Breakfast food

"ads," staring at him from every billboard, newspaper and magazine, had unstrung his nerves in a new quarter. The meal was prepared in first-class fashion, but he had made out a menu card which kept me guessing. It went like this:

"I. Oato-Mealo and Whiteo-Creamo-Juico—
all the milk but the cow.

"II. Jim Jumps was wabbly in his head,
And also in his legs,
Until he ate Bugg's Patented
Shanghai Henless Eggs

"III. Eat Bugg's Prepared Lamb Only. Pasturized in Our Own Pasture.

Jack and Mary had a meal,
And Jack suggested ham.
The lady shook her head and Mary
Had a little lamb.

"IV. To avoid publicity eat "Spificated Spuds." They have no eyes.

"Ireland had so many spuds
With them there was no dealing,
Till ev'ry church and schoolhouse joined
And set their bells to pealing."

It seems to me that things are upside down in many ways. Instead of being born a baby, a

man ought to be born old, so he'd know enough to start life right. By the time he had accumulated a fortune he would be young enough and foolish enough to have some fun out of it. Then he'd get married and if there were any children, they'd be old enough to care for themselves. No bother at all to the parents, you see. At the ripe old age of one day he'd quietly cash in of cholera infantum and the funeral expenses would be a mere trifle. But that wasn't what I was thinking of at first. It was marriage. We get hooked up in the holy bands of padlock in about five minutes and then spend weeks trying to show that the referee ought to step in and separate us. If two people want to take a chance at running in double harness the court should be notified at the start. Then let each side summon witnesses to tell all they know about the principals. It would save a lot of trouble if Harold could know in advance that Caroline was in the habit of throwing flatirons when offended and for Caroline to know that Harold earned \$12 a week instead of \$50. If it looked like a poor proposition let the courts divorce them before they are married and save a scandal. Of course troubles might arise after marriage, but it seems to me many divorces could be avoided by turning things around a little.

The Coal Strike and Mr. Morg-a-org-a-org-a-an.

Good morning, Carrie! A few score years ago when a man struck coal the people got it; now when there's a coal strike we don't get it. Have you noticed that?

While the secretary of the treasury is at it why doesn't he "anticipate" a few tons of coal? That's what the general public wants; there's only a few of us got bonds to burn. The only bond I've got is the holy bond of matrimony. You buy the bond of a preacher and pay the interest yourself. And when there is a stringency in the money market doesn't the bond market drop? No secretary of the treasury is going to fix that up! The "bond of sympathy" is a little better, because sometimes you can make a touch on it.

But to return! What are we going to do about this coal famine? It is a serious proposition. I am reminded of some little verses sent me by my friend, Prof. Wheeler Bugg, of the Nut College at Kankakee. Says Prof. Bugg:

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(I ask not for riches, nor silver nor gold,
But give me a flat where the coalbin's been
coaled.)

Then again he writes:

"Give me three grains of coal, mother, only
three grains of coal,
To keep this human frame of mine connected
with my soul!"

Here's another to the point:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
And many a ton of coal's brought to the screen,
To waste its profits on a millionaire!"

I think Mr. Bugg has caught the right spirit. The avarice of the coal barons is breeding discontent and riot the country over. Honest men are being reduced to the shiftiest expedients to get along. Why, I read just the other day about a jeweler being arrested for stamping a piece of anthracite 18-carat when it was only fourteen! It begins to look as if pretty soon we won't be able to get enough to warm the feet of a flea. Meanwhile, we seem to be up against a novelty in punctuation—a semicolon period! (No, Mr.



"My soul burns for you."

Bugg isn't the author of that.) And think what a catastrophe it is to the young people who like to sit of a winter's night making googilum eyes at each other! Imagine Harold knocking the icicles off his mustache and making a little speech like this: "M-m-mamie—click-click-click-click—I-I-I-I—love — click-click-click — y-y-you; m-m-my soul b-b-b-urns for you; m-m-my whole b-b-being is aflame with l-l-ove." Do you think Mamie is going to swallow that when Harold's teeth are chattering like castanets? And it wouldn't do for Mamie to say: "Harold, your words warm m-m-m-my heart strangely." I should say not, because if she did Harold would go and sell his words to a hospital where the heat is needed. Still, it isn't so bad for lovers as for the rest of us. The flame of love doesn't feed so much on coal as on gas.

(Cometh now the winter season,
Coal in price jumps 'way past reason;
We've a bully chance of freezin'
On the square!
So we can have no objection
If our young, to show affection,
Warm themselves on a confection
Of hot air.)

With the permission of J. Pierpont Morgan
I will now do a rank injustice to "Mr. Dooley."
Villains, do your worst.

There is a man that's known to all, a man of
great renown,
A man whose name is on the lips of ev'ry one in
town.
You read about him ev'ry day—there's nothing
else to print—
And every time he sneezes they get busy at the
mint

For Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan, he'll gobble up
the country if he can;
He's got more boodle than Yankee Doodle
Has Mr. Morg-a-org-a-org-a-an.

King Edward he was going to have a crown put
on his head,
You heard excuses when the king went creeping
off to bed—
But they were 'fibs; the reason was, some one
was playing golf,
And till he felt like travel, why they put the
crowning off—

For Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan, he says: "Dear
Ed, I'll come as soon as I can,"

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So Albert Edward went creeping bedward
For Mr. Morg-a-org-a-org-a-an.

(St. Peter by a man was asked to pass the pearly
gate;
"I can't," says Pcter, "for you look like perish-
able freight."
"Oh, that's all right," the fellow said. "Don't
give me any sass;
Before I started skyward, why, I got a little
pass—)

From Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan—Crœsus was to
him an also-ran;

On earth we breathe by getting leave
Of Mr. Morg-a-org-a-org-a-an.

The czar of all the Russians once had a famous
guest,
And so to be hospitable, he did his level best.
He had his throne converted to a handsome fold-
ing bed
And he gave tne royal pillows for to rest the
mighty head

Of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan. He drank beer
from the royal Russian can.

And the czarina played the concertina
For Mr. Morg-a-org-a-org-a-an.

There are thirty-three more verses to that, but Mr. Mansfield needs my help immediately. He wants me to come over and tell him whether or not Julius Cæsar hesitated on the brink of the Rubicon because the water was cold.



A Few Merry Murmurs from a Mirthful Mind.

You don't know what a scare I've had. I was on my way to the theater when I passed a flat where some one was moving in. All at once I saw a bed that seemed to be moving up the stairs all alone. I thought I had 'em. I looked closer and—oh, horrors! What do you suppose? There was a man under the bed!

You've heard that joke about where-is-Minute-street-it's-at-the - end - of - sixty-second? I'll never try that gag again, because the last time I did a copper wanted to pinch me for being a second-story worker. I suppose if I had begun bragging that I could lick Fitzsimmons, Fitz being in San Francisco, he would have juggled me for being a safe-blower. Still, I wouldn't want to say it any closer to Fitz. He might not believe it, you know. People have lied to him so often on that point that he has grown skeptical.

But, talking about infractions of the law, I'm glad it is no crime to steal a kiss. And supposing it was, the girl would have a hard time proving that it was her property you took and

not that left there by some forgetful third person. You would say: "Judge, I really thought that kiss was mine. It looked exactly like the one that I gave Miss So-and-so, who passed it on to Percy Pegglegs, who gave it to the complainant. The right of property, if the court please, is sacred and must be protected." So the judge would have to let you go, because he wouldn't know just when he might want to embezzle a few himself.

What is a kiss? A kiss is two souls with but a single thought, four lips that meet as two. It is a peace conference that has The Hague tribunal beat to a frazzle. It is a return trip ticket from earth to paradise. It is the only word in the English language that it takes two to pronounce, and it's also at once a duet and a solo. Scientists say kisses are disease breeders, which is probably the reason they say that love is a disease. A kiss is a breathless movement; it is a community of interests, but thank heaven, it isn't controlled by a trust.

Let me quote Prof. Bugg:

"I'm glad that we kiss with our lips,
Where honeyed bliss reposes;
I'd hate to be an African
And kiss by rubbing noses,

Just think how awful it would be
To give your girl a squeezing
And then, when ready for a kiss,
If both of you'd start sneezing

You know how Thanksgiving day originated, I suppose. That is the day the football season ends, and years ago it became the custom for the survivors of the gridiron battles to gather and thank their lucky stars that they were not holding up their little hummocks in the sun-kissed cemetery. From this small beginning came the general practice of today. I'm more or less thankful myself. Professor, a little of the breast and a bit of dressing:

I'm thankful for the blessings that have come my way this year;

I've found that ev'ry sorrow has its recompensing cheer.

The Vanderbilts have more than I, but still I run no chance,

And I'm thankful Carrie Nation cannot criticise my pants.

My health has not been of the best; I smoke too much, 'tis said;

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The doctor says I mustn't look upon the wine
when red.

But still I'm thankful—though to quit these joys
fills me with grief—

There's still a month till New Year's with its
pesky old "new leaf."

I went out with the boys one night when wifey
wasn't wise,

But when she met me at the door she pierced me
with her eyes.

"Young man," she said, "you've smoking been,"
then swatted me a belt,

So you can bet I'm thankful that the smoke was
all she smelt.

I went into a barber shop to get a modest shave,
The barber tied me to a chair and this is what he
gave:

An egg shampoo, a face massage, a singe with
fingers deft—

I'm thankful that when I escaped I had a nickel
left.

Oh, I've had troubles of my own this last twelve-
month or so,

But still I'm feeling chipper just as if I had the
dough.

My heart swells up with gratitude, I feel quite
thankful when
I realize I'll never see this blawsted year again.

Whatever you do, don't try to propose to a girl in a restaurant—that is, in one of those establishments where a waiter yells his orders to some one in another part of town. Ask me; I know. "Hortense," I said, "you must realize by this time that I love——" "Beef a la mode," a waiter cried in a voice that completed my sentence for me. So I started again. "I've long worshiped at——" "Pigs' feet," that miserable waiter butted in again. "I've long worshiped at your feet," I persisted, saying it quick. "I've lived so long on hope that if you refuse me I'll——" "Turn two in the pan with the sunny side up." It was the waiter again. Wasn't that a nice way for that to be turned when I was going to say that I'd feel that life wouldn't be worth living? You see, I was handicapped. I didn't want outsiders to hear what I was saying and the waiter didn't care a rap who heard him. Then Hortense—her ribbon-counter name was Maggie—got to smiling, and I began thinking about asking for a continuance. I thought I saw an opening, though, and tried to get it over

with before his joblots in the apron could break in. "Hortense," I said, will you be my—"Dumpling!" shrieked the waiter. I was going to kill him this time, but Hortense held my arm. "I'll be your dumpling," she said and I've been her meal ticket ever since. But it was a narrow escape. With the assistance of that waiter I asked her to be everything on the bill of fare before she compromised on dumpling.

A Chapter on Two Good Sea Dogs—Tommy Lipton and Admiral Schley.

Bon soir. Excuse my French, but I just came from a hop at Turnverein hall, and from hops to frogs and frogs to French is easy. Hops don't always make me parlez-vous. Oh, no. Give me hops, properly distilled, and I'll talk rag-time. That's why frogs always stick near the water; they're so full of hops all the time that they want to have plenty of chaser always handy. I wouldn't mind being a frog myself. When a horse dies, or a man dies, or a flea dies, the goods is all off, but when a frog croaks——

Well, Tommy Lipton is coming over again to look at that cup. Did you see him when he was here before? I did. I asked him if he was satisfied with the way the New York Yacht club treated him. He said he was satisfied in all but one thing. He said that when the Shamrock was turning the outer mark he noticed that the stake was round, and he didn't think it was square. And he said he had been brought up on porterhouse, anyway, and didn't like round

steak. "Why didn't you pass it up?" I says. "There is a nice chop in the sea." "Well," he says, "that chop was so tough the Shamrock couldn't cut through the gravy." He's a great josh, Sir Tommy is. He met with an accident on the Erin one day and his leg had a wire bandage around it when I saw him—just a little above the ankle. He told me to feel the bump, and I says, "What's the matter? Did your knee slip down?" "No," he says, "but I slipped up." "Never mind," I said, "always remember the old saying, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Shamrock's moorings.'" He said he'd noticed that, too. I asked him what part of the Columbia he most admired, and he said he couldn't say, as he had seen only her stern. He's game, that man; you'd think he liked to lose. He said one beauty about the contest was the fitness of everything. "Why," says he, "they even used wireless telegraphy to report those windless races we had." "Yes," I put in, "and even the America's cup is a drinkless cup—there isn't any bottom to it—it won't hold anything."

"Oh, I guess it will hold me for a while," Tom caroled.

"Do you think it was fair to give the Columbia that extra minute?" I asked him. Then he



**"I asked him what part of the Columbia he
most admired."**

said: "Oh, that's all right; what I objected to was getting all the seconds myself." Then he said: "I'm expecting a man to take me out to dine every minute, and I guess I'll take a chair and wait." "If you take it you'd better not wait," I said, "because the bellhop has got his eye on you." Then I asked him if he liked Mother Goose rhymes. He said he did and I asked him if he'd ever heard this one:

("Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Built a yacht but it wouldn't run.
The yacht was beat in ev'ry heat
And Tom went back to his tea and meat.")

Tom pulled his fingers out of his ears and said no, he had never heard it. Just then a man came in and said the guests were waiting, and the baronet politely offered me a little token of his esteem in the shape of a painting of a stone. "To remember my yacht by," he remarked. "How's that?" I asked. "It's a sham rock, isn't it?" he answered. Then he left. I shall always remember that visit, though, and wonder why I didn't pull his leg when I had hold of it. And he so rich, too!

Thanks for the applause. Professor, if you

will strike a chord in G whiz, I'll give you the
anvil chorus from the court of inquiry.

Oh, once there was a commodore, a fighting man
named Schley,
He wasn't long on strategy, but fighting was his
pie.
He stood out in the open on one glorious July
day,
And he licked a fleet of Spaniards there in Santi-
ago bay.

He cheered the gunners at their work, the fire-
men down below;
He steered his scrapping jackies straight for the
Spanish foe;
But when he'd won a victory for them he'd
fought to save
He heard an anvil chorus over seven miles of
wave:

"Commodore, O, Commodore, now look at what
you've done!
There are powder marks, oh, mercy me! all over
the six-inch gun.
Oh, why did you fight those horrid men? Court-
martial you shall see
For disturbing the admiral of the fleet when he
was drinking tea."

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Isn't that a lovely paroxysm! I sang that to the board of inquiry. I was one of the important witnesses; I was the only man in the fight who could see the New York. I had the strongest glasses. I was on the bridge with Schley, but he told me to go into the conning tower. They call it the "conning" tower, because that's where the "con" men are kept. They work a shell game there that is simply great. One of the men down there asked me to look into the muzzles of the guns to see where the little ball was. Pretty soon another man said one of the Spanish ships had blown up near shore and told me he'd let me see it. I said: "No, thanks; the last time I saw an explosion on the lake front it cost me 25 sestertia." He asked me what letter of the alphabet was the most useful. I said I didn't know, and he said C, because thousands of sailors made their living on it. I told him I'd seen the time when a V would have saved my life.

And they say the navy has nothing to do with politics. Why, there wasn't a ship in the bunch that didn't have it's wardrooms, and one man I saw told me he was a ward officer. I asked him what ward my precinct was in and he told me it would be in the sick ward if I didn't get out of there.

Touching on the Races and Having to Do With Vacations.

Well, here we are again, tempted from our villa at Newport by the enormous salary offered by the management. (Stop that laughing in the wings!) A bad penny will turn up, and there's no knowing what a bad dollar will do.

I've no liking for bad dollars, but I've seen the time when I wanted a good dollar bad. When I struck town I went over to the hotel. The landlord's a great friend of mine—always insists on my paying in advance and staying as long as I want to. It doesn't matter whether I've had a room or a thing to eat, he let's me pony up beforehand. "I let him do this to show how I trust you, Jim," he says. "I feel perfectly confident that you'll get all that's coming to you. And it's safer for you during the racing season."

That's what I was driving at—the racing. The clerk at the cigar counter told me that Certainty was a sure thing in the fifth race and it was a case of write your own ticket. So I went out to Washington Park. Such a business! I put up a million on the favorite in the first. I

didn't know the ponies, but I always put up a little just to make me interested in the contest. Well—but let's talk about something cheerful.

When it came to the fifth race I had just one iron dollar left. I killed several men and got close enough to purchase a ticket. Certainty was 100 to 1 and I had him almost to myself. And I needed the money. Certainty was a good thing, all right. Away over in the back stretch when it seemed as if the money had jonahed him he looked over my way and began making wigwag signals with his tail. "Don't tear your ticket up," he signaled. "I'm playing with 'em." When it was over, there were only about half a dozen of us in the wise line. "Gimme a hundred on that," I said, and the cashier began to count out some tens before him. Just then the fellow on the other side turns around and says: "Hold up, there; that's the guy that gave us the phoney bone on Certainty."

That's why I remark that there's something worse than having a bad penny turn up. You may have a bad dollar turned down.

I am going to have a vacation if I don't get any more tips on the races. Last year I went into northern Michigan. On the boat I asked a man what deck it was the captain was on.

"That's the quarter-deck," he said. "Nobody but the captain is allowed on it." "It seems to me," I said, "that a 15-cent deck would do for solitaire." I had a quarter deck in my grip, but I didn't dare bring it out for fear the captain would claim it. The captain asked me if I could box the compass, but I told him I was out of training. Some ships have a deck called the spar deck, but that isn't where they box the compass. The compass is up in the wheelhouse and if you get bughouse in the wheelhouse they raise rough house.

Out on the back porch of the boat I met a poetical young lady. She said she had the hay fever and I asked her if she was a grass widow. She said she'd planted a little seed, but she didn't know whether the jury would let it grow. What do they call 'em grass widows for, when grass is green? Well, grass or no grass, this one was all right and to open the conversation I says: "Did you ever visit the art gallery?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "I saw a blind man criticising the tint of blue used in a landscape." "How could he tell when he couldn't see?" I asked. "He could feel, couldn't he?" she answered. "Well," I said, "I know they can tell a good deal by the sense of touch, but hang me if I believe they can distinguish colors." "They

can't tell every color, but they can blue," she said. "Why," she went on, "even I, with my eyes shut, can tell when I'm feeling blue."

Wouldn't that leave you at the post?

After a while she got poetical. She said the shadowy shores and the stillness of the vasty deep exerted a mysterious influence on her soul. What stories of the never-to-be-known past those forests might tell! What civilizations lay beneath the sod! What treasures of an ancient commerce rest beneath the wave! Then she began quoting Tennyson:

"Break! Break! Break!

O'er thy cold, gray stones, O sea!

I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me!"

"Yes," I says, "that's the way they say it when vacation begins. On the way back it goes something like this:

"Broke! Broke! Broke!

By thy hotels, O sea!

I wonder if I'll get over

The things that they did to me!"

She asked me if I had ever borrowed money and I said I hadn't. "Then I'll leave you a loan," she said, and left me before I could reproach her.



"She began quoting Tennyson."

On the Weather—Useful Gifts—and “Dr. Rickey’s Medical Millennium.”

How does the weather suit you? I don’t see why certain months should be taken out of the year and refrigerated. I think they would keep just as well as any other months, don’t you? Not knocking, you know; but you might find wraps comfortable when you leave the theater. I “saw the ante” so much last night that I had to see my uncle this morning. The consequence was I shivered so on the street that a friend of mine asked me if I had chills and fever. “Got the chills all right,” I told him. “If you’ll show me where I can get the fever I’ll be much obliged to meet you——” Still, this weather has its uses. The coal barons have got to live. I wonder, by the way, if the earth is the only place Providence has stored up coal for Baer. They say that nature doesn’t make the same mistake twice, yet look how unpopular is the first and only original coal baron! I refer to the dark gentleman with the horns. Then along comes Baer and claims that the trick has been repeated. But there is one nice thing about

the weather; it is the one thing the poor get more of than the rich.

I have just been reading a little essay by Jerome K. Jerome on being hard up. Not because I needed any information on the subject, you understand—it's too near Christmas for that. And after Christmas! Well, I may write an essay myself. I don't expect to have anything left but information on the subject. I remember last Christmas I asked my wife what she wanted for a present. "Oh, Jim," she said, "I think you might get something to use about the house." So I bought a box of cigars and an ash tray. I figured that the tray would be useful to receive ashes and the cigars would be useful to make the ashes. Somehow Mrs. Rickey didn't seem exactly pleased. She persisted in viewing the articles individually and said neither one met her idea of a useful present. That's the trouble with a woman. She seems to be unable to get free from petty details and view matters in the aggregate with the broad understanding of a man. I gave her also a spindle-legged chair that nobody could sit in and a cushion that you daren't lay your head on, and what do you suppose she said? She said maybe I did have a glimmer of common sense.

No more useful gifts for me! Christmas is

the one time in the year to give and receive useless things. The more useless they are the better. Heaven knows we skimp enough and worry enough during the year over the necessities without dragging them down the chimney into the stockings of our families and friends. Boys, cut out the cigars and drinks and foolish bets—cut down your lunch if you have to—and buy your wife something she never thought of needing. Buy the children something they can't wear, preferably something they can break or something they oughtn't to eat.

I heard of a man who had lost both legs above the knees walking clear across the state. It was while Yates was running for governor of Illinois and he thought if he could see the candidate the latter might aid him in getting a pair of artificial limbs. Being broke, he set off on shank's express, but before he managed to reach Yates the latter had been elected governor and was at Springfield. So he asked the governor for a political job. "Why should I give you a job?" Yates asked. "My goodness," the fellow said, "didn't you know I stumped the state for you?"

I don't know what started me to thinking of cripples and things like that unless it was reading of the all-star football teams the papers

have been printing. I think I could pick a fairly good one myself. How's this? James J. Jeffries, Uppercut university, center; Robert Fitzsimmons, Academy of Applied Lacerations, and Kid McCoy, Punches Polytechnic, guards; James J. Corbett, College of Cross Counters, and Jack Root, Academy of Allopathic Athletes, tackles; Young Corbett and Terry McGovern, Soakum's School of Pugnacity, ends. That leaves us Sharkey, Peter Jackson, the giant gripman and Jack the Ripper for the back field. I can't understand how the experts overlooked 'em.

Before I became an actor I was a seller of patent medicine. I sold "Dr. Rickey's Medical Millennium—good for what you've got." At a cross-roads town in Indiana I remember a farmer asking me if the "Millennium" was good for his trouble. He said he couldn't exactly diagnose the case, but it seemed to be a sort of mental complaint. He said he had never mentioned it at home, but it was there just the same. I told him he was one of the thousands Rickey's celebrated discovery was put up for and he bit. My dope was made of burnt corn, hair dye, alcohol and other odds and ends calculated to keep patients from trying to get their money back and I felt reasonably sure that if it was good

for anything it was good for mental complaint. A week later, in a small city about fifteen miles from the cross-roads, who should walk up to my wagon but the farmer. He was looking fine and at least a foot taller. "Did you good, didn't it?" I inquired. "Fine, by hokey," he said. Then he gave me a wink and whispered in my ear: "I didn't take it myself—gave it to my mother-in-law." Then he asked me if I could think of a suitable inscription for the tombstone of a woman "mourned by seven children and a loving son-in-law."

That's no way to treat a mother-in-law. I do everything I can for mine. It was just the other day I came to her assistance. The dentists had been filling her teeth up with precious metal for years, but they pained her all the time and she concluded to have them taken out. "Let me pull them, mother-in-law dear," I said. "You couldn't do it; you don't know how, Jim," she said. "Yes, I do, mother-in-law dear," I answered. "I had long experience as a placer miner before I knew you." That makes me think of this agitation about the propriety of picking one's teeth in public. That's not right. A person should go quietly to the dentist and pick 'em out to suit himself.

A Few Hysterical Observations on Love—and Other Babble.

What is love? Love is a bob-tailed flush and marriage is the draw. Maybe you complete the hand and maybe you don't. Generally you don't, but you've got to stay in the game anyway.

Every time the other fellow raises you've got to "see" him and, maybe, go him a few better. When the other fellow gives his wife diamond earrings you "see" him the diamonds and raise him a sealskin sack. Of course your wife doesn't really need the sealskin, because she's got an otterskin already, but she thinks she otter have a sealskin because the other woman has, and so she ought. We don't buy clothes to keep our wives warm; it's to make the other ladies warm. Then you go over to Frankelheimer's and ask what it will cost to clean up your overcoat, re-stitch the buttonholes and patch the lining.

Some scientists say that love is a disease, and the day may come when they'll be lined up before a little window in the health department looking for marriage licenses. If it is a disease it has at least one good point—the only people who

are kept up nights by it are the patients themselves. Many European scientists are among the supporters of the love-disease theory. The sultan of Turkey probably is the greatest sufferer in the world from this disease. He has about 1,000 wives. That's why they call him the sick man of Europe. And no wonder he can't pay his bills! Love is one of the most complex problems ever propounded. It begins with addition when you marry her, subtraction when she begins to grow familiar with your purse, multiplication (when you follow Roosevelt's advice), and it frequently ends with division.

Now, I don't want you to infer that I am against love and marriage. I'm up against it, but not against it. If love is a disease, why the more sickness there is in the family the better.

Nobody, I dare say, is better qualified to speak of the tender passion than my distinguished friend, Prof. Wheller Bugg of Nut college, Kankakee. Prof. Bugg is crazier than a loon and I feel that I may therefore quote him on this subject with great assurance. "Love," says Prof. Bugg, "is blind in its earlier stages, but marriage is an encyclopedia with raised letters." I am sorry to say that Prof. Bugg's marriage was

unhappy. His wife used to throw rolling pins, flatirons, chairs, tables and other chattels at him. "How will your wife live?" I asked him after he had left her. "Oh," he answered, feeling of a bump on his brow, "she ought to be able to get a job as a furniture mover all right." His marital experiences, I fear, have made the good professor somewhat cynical.

If the orchestra will bring in a minority report I will now render an original parody on that charming little ballad, "I Wonder if She's Waiting!"

Oh, Jeremiah Beveridge and Tillman had a fight.
Jerry sassed the southerner, who promptly swung
his right.

"Let London prize ring rules be kept!" stout
Billy Mason yelled;
Chauncey Depew was referee, while Kearns the
bottle held.

But some one cried "The house is pinched!"
Whereat the fighting ceased,
But Ben and Jerry did not cool, nor fraternize the
least.

So when the senate met again there was bad
blood in each eye,

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And from each throat came anxiously this cautious, worried sigh:

"I wonder if he's waiting with a brick or with a gun?

I wonder if he's waiting for a chance to hand me one?

Perhaps the Hague Tribunal would the matter referee.

I wonder if he's loaded, and is waiting here for me?"

'Twas but a few short days ago a mighty hunter stood

Without his gun, beneath the branches of a cottonwood.

The president had quite forgot to bring his trusty gun,

Whereat a bear got in his path to have a little fun.

The hunter first climbed up a tree and then slid back to ground;

He grabbed a club and nervously his glance went shooting round.

The bear could not be seen just then, but might be close at hand,

And Roosevelt debated if he ought to run or stand.

"I wonder if he's waiting?" the hunter softly sighed ;

"I wonder if he's waiting to bite chunks from my hide.

"That bear may be behind a bush, perhaps behind a tree—

"I wonder if he loves me and is waiting there for me?"

The president did have hard luck down there at Smedes, didn't he? Still, you can't blame the bears. What the guides should have done was to send the president after wild pigs. Then he would have been entitled to a badge showing that he had "shot the shotes," which is just as pleasant to a hunter as shooting the chutes. With your permission I will now follow the bear's example and do my little get-away. After the show I work the soda fountain at the corner drug store. It isn't that I need the money, but it's for my health. The doctor told me that I needed fizzical exercise.



The Hikes.

Jim Rickey's Sketch, "Swearing Off," as Presented by the Hikes.

Daisy Hike—"The last day of the year—the last minute of it—and Dan is not home yet. It's affectionate of him, I must say, to leave me here alone to watch the old year out. He is trying to float it out, probably." (Sounds of pistols, cannon, whistles, bells, horns and megaphones.) "My, what a noise! I suppose Dan will try to tell me it was he refusing to take a drink. Humph! I know how it sounds when he refuses a drink. It sounds like the 'Maiden's Prayer.' Well, it's 1903 now. Oh, the brute! To stay out this way, and we've been married only a year. While I am waiting I will amuse myself with a little song:

"When I was a girl I did a turn
As typewriter for an attorney stern.
Oh, I ate olives and I chewed gum
And the lawyer's heart I troubled some;
I troubled it so heedlessly
That he pained himself quite needlessly.

"He says, says he, "Will you marry me?
I'm just as young as I used to be.

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I may be bald and wrinkled, dear,
But the voice in my heart is calling clear—
Calling, in fact, so amorous
That the noise is very clamorous.'

"'With age 'tis folly youth should wed,
I'll be your daughter, sir,' I said.
'You'll not!' he roared. So just for fun
To fool him, why I married his son—
Married his son so artfullee
The old man left us his treasuree."

Dan Hike (entering)—"Thash fine shong, m'
dear; fine shong. You shing—hic—like bird
paradise."

Daisy—"I'm likely to be a bird of paradise
lost to you, Dan Hike. You've been drinking.
Don't you dare tell me you haven't. You wobble
like a fishworm. I suppose it would break a
snake's back to follow your trail home. Don't
open your mouth, don't breathe; I don't want
to be asphyxiated. I don't know where you got
that breath, but it was bred in old Kentucky."

Dan—"Ma'am, I have—hic—been drinkin',
I'll admit. I've been—hic—drinkin'. I admitted
th' corn juice, ma'am, an' now I admit th' corn.
Thash fair, ain't it?"

Daisy—"You brute!"

Dan—"M' dear, can't you—hic—let bygones be bygones? I ain't drinkin' now, am I?"

Daisy—"There is no limit to your ambition, but there is to your capacity—that's why. You're in a nice state of intoxication."

Dan—"Not a state, m' dear; jush a territory. Th' boysh'll attain—hic—statehood by mornin,' I reckon; but we wash nothin' but territorish w'en I left. I know a nation made up—hic—of jush such statsh—Carrie Nation. Good joke on Carrie, hey? We might have attained statehood, but we ran out of votsh. In osher wor's, m' dear, th' shop ran dry. Funny, ain' it, that a shop—hic—can run dry, but it can't run, dry. Thash anosh joke. Gimme seven on the spare an' set 'em up—hic—in the osher alley."

Daisy—"You're a great bowler, aren't you? The only pins you ever touch are the two under you and you only make them wobble."

Dan—"They shake for th' drinksh, in osher words."

Daisy—"You're a nice imitation of a man."

Dan (straightening)—"And this, I believe, has been also a nice imitation of inebriety. I swore off to-night on even the small nips I have taken occasionally, but I thought I would have a little fun with you. Do you detect that 'breath'

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you were talking about a few minutes ago? If I had your imagination I'd get a job making annual reports for mining companies. Or prospectuses for western land people. To tell the truth, I've been at the club practicing for the minstrel show we are to give. Would you like to hear the song I am to sing? It is entitled 'Swearing Off.' Professor, a little mineral water, please.

"I had an Uncle Reuben, who lived 'way down
on the farm;
He visited Chicago, though afraid he'd meet
with harm.
I showed him the new postoffice, but he began
to foam
When I remarked I'd let him see the gold bricks
in the dome.

(" 'Oh, I've sworn off!' he shouted. 'Oh, I've
sworn off; I'm wise.
I used to buy gold bricks, but I don't think
you've my size;
I used to see explosions down by the sad sea-
shore,
But I've sworn off and you smart chaps will get
my coin no more.')

"I took him to a swell cafe, went broke to pay the bill;

Was on my good behavior with an eye on uncle's will.

The waiter brought red finger bowls—the water looked like wine—

He thought it was a fancy drink when he saw the lemon rind.

" 'I've sworn off,' he thundered, 'I've sworn off, young nian;

A nice career you've started! Do you also rush the can?

I'll leave no money to a man who views the wine when red;

I swore off thirty years ago, and so should you,' he said.

"A friend of mine, also myself, were to a jury called;

My friend got off, but I was held, although the service galled.

'How did you manage to escape?' I envyingly sighed,

Whereat he winked his weather eye and smilingly replied:

" 'Oh, I swore off; Oh, I swore off! It's easy, on the square.

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I swore I had consumption and had falling of the
hair;

I mentioned kidney trouble and a liver out of
gear,

For swearing off is proper at this season of the
year.' ”

**"Dotty Dialogues," Instigated by Jim Rickey
and Perpetrated by Dan and Daisy Hike.**

Dan—"Who was that I seen you coming up State street with last night?"

Daisy—"That was my husband; isn't he a peach?"

Dan—"I'm willing to feel sorry for him."

Daisy—"Willing to feel sorry for him? Sir!"

Dan—"Sure; every peach has to be pitted. Where did he get that scar on his cheek? He looked like 3 cents' worth of dog meat."

Daisy—"I want you to understand, sir, that my husband was a soldier and got that scar leading his regiment up San Juan hill. He was given a medal for his bravery."

Dan—"Now I know you are ladling out conversational oleo. They don't give medals for bravery any more."

Daisy—"Don't give medals for bravery?"

Dan—"No; they give em courts of inquiry."

"Says Schley to Admiral Sampson: "They've looked into my case,
And now Maclay will have to put me in my proper place.

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They find your absent treatment didn't send the
dons to pot,
But 'twas Loop-the-Looper Winfield, who was
Johnny-on-the-spot.
So, Willie, it is up to you to seek a quiet town
And on some sequestered junk pile go away
back and sit down!" " "

Daisy—"Do you call that singing? You sing
like water coming out of a pump! Honest, you
yap like a crow."

Dan—"Like a crow? Then would you like to
hear me sing 'Be Caws?'

" 'Be caws I love you, be caws I——"

Daisy—"Can't you see you're making the au-
dience tired?"

Dan—"Oh, I don't know; didn't you hear that
applause?"

Daisy—"That's because they want to hear me
sing. Listen:

" 'The man behind the gun,' says Schley, 'should
always get the praise;
It is the man behind the gun who wins our
bloody frays.
Now, Sam, I know you were a man behind the
gun, but mind,

We cannot jolly up a man who was so far behind.

So take the money for the prizes that you didn't sink

And go away back and sit down and think.' "

an—"Well, I'm glad the duet between the grindstone and the scythe is over."

Daisy—"That was real singing; I want you to know, sir, that I was once Lillian Russell's understudy."

Dan—"Just because you tried to make your hair curl like hers that doesn't make you her understudy, you know."

Daisy—"And when she couldn't appear I took her part."

Dan—"And if the part wasn't straight you took the wig and combed it out. On the level, boys, I found this in a female barber shop. She can't get over the old tricks. She thinks she's stropping razors in her sleep. We had pancakes for breakfast this morning and she asked me what I'd have on them, witch hazel or bay rum."

Daisy—"Oh, Dan, did you hear about the stage robbery?"

Dan—"No, tell me how it happened."

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Daisy—"The soubrette stole the leading man's cigarettes."

Dan—"Now wouldn't that step on your corns! If you were where nobody could see you or catch you and you broke a window what would you be guilty of?"

Daisy—"I don't know; what would I be guilty of?"

Dan—"Safe breaking! Now will you stay home with the children! Stage robbery—humph! I suppose you think you're elevating the stage by springing such gags as that. On the dead, that joke was one of the first things they found when they learned how to translate the Egyptian hieroglyphics. They found it on the sixteenth Pharaoh's tomb."

Daisy—"That was one on Pharaoh, wasn't it? What were you doing last summer?"

Dan—"I was following the horses."

Daisy—"How lovely! I just adore horse races! Did you see the Derby?"

Dan—"Oh, no; I was driving a street car—that's the only way to make money following the ponies— isn't it, boys? But I was in on Robert Waddell at 12 to 1 all right."

Daisy—"Then you won, didn't you?"

Dan—"Then I put it all on a horse named Pepper Sauce and he was left at the steak. Then

I put my watch up on a horse named 'Minute,' because he had won sixty seconds. When the race was over I went away and my horse was thrown out of the union for working overtime. He was the slowest minute I ever saw."

Both :

"Oh, we are high society, we love to dance and sing;

When we go out the people shout, 'There goes the real thing!'

We run a writing school, you know, for we are very wise—

Danny minds the P's and Q's, and Daisy makes goo-goo I's."



